



CUFFY'S

Description

OF THE PROGRESS OF COTTON.

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BOSTON:

LILLY, WAIT, COLMAN, AND HOLDEN.

1833.

Colman & Co.



SOWING.

IN the well-hoed ground
One — two seeds we throw,
Cover o'er with earth,
Then we farther go.
There we do the same,
Keeping in straight line ;
When 'tis noon-day, hot,
We leave off to dine.



REMOVING PROVISION CROPS.

ALL between the rows

Yams and beans were planted,
For to shade the cotton
Now no longer wanted.

But we want to eat

The provision crop ;
So, when ripe, we come
And quickly take it up.



EARTHING AND WEEDING.

THEN we weed and hoe,
 Green the plants appearing ;
 Very much they grow ;
 Yellow flowers are bearing.
 Cotton-bush is gay,
 Humming-bird flies round it ;
 Flowers have honey there —
 His long tongue has found it.



PICKING.

WHEN the blossoms fade,
Comes the Cotton wool :
This from day to day
We poor negroes pull ;
Take it to the store,
Throw it in a pile,
And the overseer
Watches all the while.



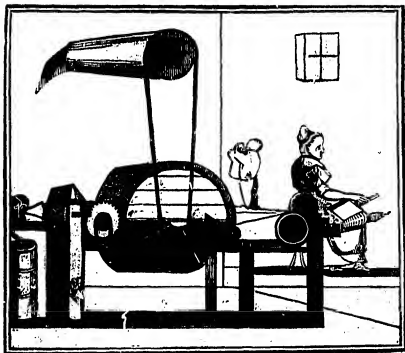
GINNING.

I SUPPOSE you know
In the wool the seed is,
And to get it out,
There the greatest need is.
This the *gin* must do ;
And, when that is over,
Negroes go to sleep,
Bathe, or live in clover.



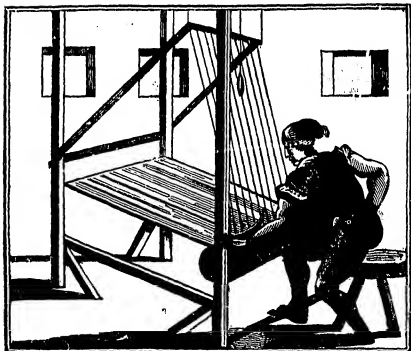
PACKING.

THEN 'tis weigh'd and pack'd
Very tight in bag,
With an iron screw,
Till it cannot wag.
Hard the work, 'tis true ;
What of that ? we're willing ;
Idleness makes sick,
Working is not killing.



CARDING.

Now the Cotton wool
Is arrived in Britain,
And by labour soon
Made for wearers fitting.
First 'tis carded fine,
By machine or hand so ;
And much work it makes
In this happy land-o !



WEAVING.

Then, to make it cloth,
Shuttles fast are shooting ;
Clever fellows them !
That there's no disputing.
Right and left they go,
And, what makes me wonder,
Yarn goes out and in,
'Bove the warp and under !



BLEACHING.

THE weaver into muslin
Or calico soon makes it ;
And then it must be wash'd,
Before the bleacher takes it.
'Tis spread upon the grass,
And each morn water'd duly,
Until it gets so white,
Your eyes it dazzles truly.



PRINTING.

O THEN what colours fine
 Those clever printers throw in !
 This ninny head of mine
 Was never half so knowing.
 Red, yellow, green, and blue,
 Are all stamp'd in a minute ;
 Which makes me almost say,
 There must be magic in it.